

and that bit of hell that you've taken  
just moves through you,  
like a fifth column, to clear those  
webs that have blocked your collective past.  
And if it is all fire in your mouth,  
what will cure it?  
Sugar, granulated, powdered, cubed.  
Just like everything,  
the sweet can vanquish that hell,  
for a while.

#### WITTGENSTEIN, JASPER JOHNS, AND ME

Having read that Jasper Johns  
is indebted to Ludwig Wittgenstein  
for many ideas in his enigmatic paintings,  
I decided to pick up one of Ludwig's  
books -- just to take a look.  
Sure enough, there were the colors  
that were not colors:  
R for red, Y for yellow, B for blue.  
The rest of the text read something like:  
"If someone named Bill looked at the anus  
of a chicken  
and called it a horse,  
and the other person that stood beside  
Bill, called Fred, from then on told his  
children, friends, acquaintances  
that a chicken's anus was a horse,  
then a chicken's anus, to them,  
would truly be called a horse."

I thought about this for awhile,  
and, I must admit, that I do know  
many assholes that are called  
by another name.  
But I read on and saw a drawing,  
which I promptly reproduced;  
it is called the duckrabbit  
and can only be described as looking  
like a duck, from one angle,  
and a rabbit, from another.



From that day on I cannot help  
but to look at things, always,  
from a different angle.  
Instead of this being a poem,  
for instance,  
to me it is a poem.